



THE HIST Henry

Enter the King, Lord Iohn
merland

SO shaken as we are, so
Finde we a time for fire
And breath short win
To be commenc't in it
No more the thirsty entranc
Shall dawbe her lips with he
No more shall trenching wa
Norbruisse her flourers with
Of hostile paces: those op
Which like the Meteors of a
All of one nature, of one sub
Did lately meete in the intes
And furious close of ciuill bu
Shall now in mutuall welbef
March all one way, and be n
Against acquaintance, kindr
The edge of war, like an ill s
No more shall cut his master
As far as to the sepulchre of
Whose souldier now vnder
We are impressed and ingag
Forthwith a power of Engl
Whose armes were moulded
To chase these Pagans in tho
Quer whose acres walkt tho